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Parts of the body are exquisitely modelled, and we like the drapery as well as the pose of the figure; its lines generally, in every view of the figure, are fine; in short, it is a beautiful, original composition. There are some defects in the drawing, but we do not regard them as impairing, in any great degree, the effect of its sentiment. There only remains for us to notice the bust of Erastus Corning, the execution of which is remarkable; the bas-reliefs of "Night" and "Morning," and "The Sleeping Peri." The latter, to our mind, is the least attractive piece in the gallery. We should like to segregate the head from the body as a beautiful ideal of Repose.

In summing up the impressions of the exhibition we are struck with many marked results. Mr. Palmer exhibits real genius, and the power of a true artist. He is, in particular, *original*. There is an individuality about his works which stamp them as fresh coins from the mint of his own love of beauty. He triumphs over great difficulties, and pre-eminently among these is the degree of purity which his works breathe in spite of sensual elements. There is a charm of sweetness in all his heads, wherein alone the artist effects the culminating points of beauty. Sentiment, character, being for us the chief qualities of a work of Art, when these are visible and effective, the artist has labored to great purpose. And these, Mr. Palmer's works present in a most satisfactory manner. One of the technical elements of originality which Mr. Palmer's works are conspicuous for, is his treatment of the hair. There is no conventionalism about it; it is a fresh, untrammelled, exquisite expression of this very important feature; one which he has studied from Nature, and one that the weaknesses of humanity cannot affect so as to deprive us of perfect examples; it is presented to us with all the charm which we find in modern reality, without a thought of Greekism. Every subject in the room is equally beautiful in this particular, but, especially, "Resignation" and "The Spirit's Flight." Mr. Palmer is also faithful and conscientious. There are no works of the day, we are acquainted with, more faithfully executed in keeping with the knowledge of the artist. The texture of surfaces, the care bestowed upon every detail, so remarkably manifest in the "Indian Girl," are worthy of all praise. Many excellences apparent in this exhibition invite study from all who desire to learn something of Art, but we must at present leave them to visitors to discover, through the touchstone of their own feeling. We pass on to another feature of the exhibition, namely the fine taste and liberality with which the collection is arranged. We never saw a more inviting room. Space enough to allow a work to be seen to advantage is a great requisite, and one seldom enjoyed. This exhibition is one of the most interesting and satisfactory of the day.

Architecture.

OUR BUILDING STONES.

NO. IV.

I READ with interest and pleasure the remarks of R. in the December Crayon, notwithstanding his dissent, in some particulars, from me. Something is accomplished when attention is drawn to a subject of so much importance. I presume that R. is as disinterested in the matter, as I claim to be myself. That he has no part nor lot—present or prospective—in any quarry of sandstone, limestone, or granite; that, in this respect, he comes into court with clean hands, and that his object, no less than mine, is to get at the truth in this matter.

With these impressions, and in the most respectful spirit, I proceed to consider the objections and remarks of R., being ready, I trust, to renounce any opinions that I have expressed, when they are clearly shown to be untenable. In my last article, I appealed to some of the monuments in Trinity churchyard, as affording ocular and convincing proof that our sandstones wear better than our limestones; in other words, that time and elemental exposure have less effect upon them. R. thinks otherwise. He gives it as the result of his "observations" there and elsewhere, that the limestones are much more durable than the sandstones." He concedes that the latter are far superior to the former in their retention of the chisel marks; but contends that most of them are sensibly softened, and badly fractured, or fissured, in the direction of their laminae. As a material for monuments, he allows that sandstone is preferable, so far as the legibility of inscriptions is concerned; but he affirms that it is not strong enough to sustain the great pressure to which it must be exposed when used for building purposes.

I was, by no means, unaware of the fact that many of the sandstone monuments are "badly fractured and fissured in the direction of their laminae." The *broken* condition of many of these headstones is not to be ascribed to the action of the weather. In the lawless days of the Revolution, and for several years during the rebuilding of the church, they were exposed to thousands of trampling feet; they were moved, and knocked about, and suffered all sorts of violence. I cannot perceive, after a recent and careful inspection, that, in this respect, one kind of stone suffered more than another. Even if it were so, it proves little or nothing in regard to the case in question, namely, the service which either kind might render, when placed in a solid wall.

In regard to the "fissures" or separation of the laminae, I said nothing, supposing, as I did, that the cause of this "effect-defective," would be evident to all. I had just before remarked on the stratified nature of sandstone, and on the ruinous effect of interposing moisture, whenever the stone is placed on edge. Certainly there can be no more severe exposure than that of the thin slab set vertically—

with no covering to prevent it from drinking in the rain—and with no lateral pressure to keep it close, and hinder it from expanding, and from peeling off. These fissures were to be expected; and the wonder rather is, that these laminated stones have stood the trial so well as they have. R. thinks that it would not answer to place these fissured stones in the foundation wall of a large building. I agree with him. He thinks they would be crushed. Undoubtedly they would be. But all that does not prove, nor begin to prove, that these stones would not have done good service, had they originally been got out of the proper thickness; and had they been placed horizontally as to their laminæ, in a foundation wall.

The point to which I called attention, in referring to these monumental stones, was not the liability to injury from the effects of interpenetrating and freezing moisture—which point had already been mentioned—but to the direct action of the elements; to that dissolving and corroding influence, which roughens and deforms the surface. The question then considered, was, not that of strength, or the fitness of either kind to endure pressure, but it was one of wear—one of looks. Conceding, for the moment, that either of them will last long enough, so far as the strength and safety of the building are concerned, I ask which is likely to look best after a hundred years' exposure—our marbles, or our sandstones? And this question is answered, as I contend, beyond the possibility of cavil—and as your correspondent R. virtually concedes—by those Trinity Yard grave-stones.

Since I read R.'s remarks, I have taken a look at the tombstone of Thomas Cahusac. It is just as R. states: the sandstone portion has suffered much more than the limestone. The side-pieces, forming the panels, seem to have been made of the poorest, coarsest sort of Connecticut sandstone; some of which, we know, is so loose and friable, that it crumbles under the slightest pressure. As a partial set-off to this specimen of monumental frailty, will R. look at the tombstone of Mrs. T. J. Coddington. He will find it just south of the church, close to the flagged walk. Its construction is like Cahusac's. Its date four years earlier. Here the case is different. The sandstone sides, which resemble Cahusac's, have suffered considerably; but the limestone top has suffered much more. It is "badly fractured," and cracked, and corroded. Before he leaves the Coddington tomb, let him cast a glance at the double, low, tabular monument, just south of it. Its date is 1792;—every part of it is sandstone, and every part looks strong and sound.

What now is the just deduction from such examples as these? Not surely as R. would have us infer, that all sandstone is perishable and unreliable; nor that all limestone is strong and durable. Are they not proofs, clear and convincing, of what I have been trying to show, that all stones of the same name are not equally durable, and that a judicious selection is of the utmost importance?

If I mistake not, something else—which deserves the

consideration of those who build in stone, whether on a small or a large scale—is indicated by the Cahusac and Coddington monuments, and some others of the same description in these old grounds. I believe that the sandstone in these structures has suffered much more than it would have done, had it been fully exposed to the light and the air. In its sunken position, covered over and shaded by a projecting top, with no drip to the soffit, it has far more opportunity to become damp than it has to get dry. To this, in part, I ascribe the miserable condition of the sandstone in these monuments.

Before we leave this ground, let me direct attention to two stones which claim special consideration. The Cahusac monument stands not far from the centre of the northern half, and may be found in a moment by the aid of three grey-stone finials which have been set upon it. About twenty feet south-westerly from it may be seen a thick limestone monument. The date near the foot is 1728. The name I could not make out. This is the oldest limestone monument which I have noticed there; and it is also the most corroded. Look at this marble, and see how it has been eaten into and eaten away. The coarse grains stand separately out, and even give place under the finger. In this respect it is a very impressive memorial. On its roughened and rueful visage I seem to read those quaint words of the old "unlettered muse," spoken, as it were, in solemn warning, to many a façade and monument, which now glare on us in marble brightness:—

"As you are now, so once was I—
As I am now, so you shall be;
Prepare for death and follow me!"

Walk now, if you please, towards Broadway, until you are in a line with the north western buttress of the tower, then go towards the tower until you are within about fifty feet of the flag-stones, and close to you stands the oldest monument in these grounds. It is a low, thick sandstone—the monument of a little boy, Richard Church, who died in 1681. Here then is a stone which has stood the storms and frosts of one hundred and seventy-five winters. In some of the days of violence it was broken in two, and has been re-united by cement. Otherwise, it has defied, and still defies the tooth of time and the power of the elements. On the back the stone is cut away so as to exhibit in high relief those favorite symbols of former times—the skull and cross-bones, and the winged hour-glass. Exposed as these have been to elemental action and to other injury, they are yet perfect. R. gives it as his opinion "that there is not a piece of sandstone in Trinity churchyard twenty-five years old, that would not be crushed in the foundation wall of any considerable building." Here is a stone, which has seen seven times the period named, and I would not hesitate to place it even in a foundation wall. Let all who doubt whether we have sandstones that will endure, go and look at the curious and ancient headstone of little Richard Church.

R. says he cannot sympathize with me in my "contempt for granite." Contempt is a strong word. I do not think that my remarks justify its application. Indeed, I have great respect for granite, especially, when it keeps its proper place. I said that it is "hard to work;" which, I suppose, no one denies. I said also that it is "hard to look at"—referring especially to the syenitic varieties—which, to me, have a cold, ungenial aspect. R. thinks it is not cold. This is a question of taste—a matter of opinion. I gave my own, for what it was worth—not without the belief, certainly,—a belief for which I can give reasons,—that it is the opinion of a large majority. This whole question of color and looks, as regards our building stones, is one of the greatest importance, demanding special and careful consideration. It must be deferred to another time.

R. goes on to say, that in fires, granite does not suffer more than sandstone. I made no comparison between them in this respect; but I believe it is hardly safe for R. to provoke one. I believe it is a fact, that the Connecticut sandstone, so much used among us, is apt to crack and fly when exposed to heat and water. I am told that it does not stand well when used for chimney tops or chimney cappings. But this does not hold in regard to the more compact sandstones. Is it forgotten that the walls of our Capitol, at Washington, are of sandstone, and that though the British fired the building, the walls stood firm, and were used again? Nay, more; sandstone is frequently employed as the lining and hearths of furnaces. The product of the Nyack and Haverstraw quarries is used chiefly for this purpose. As to the effect of heat and water on granite, if any reader of this remembers the aspect of the burnt district, after the great fire of New York, in 1835, I need not tell *him* what it is. Not a few of the granite posts had crumbled into fragments and powder. Others still stood here and there, dismal mementoes of the awful scourge. Some of them were tapered into long, rough cones. Others were gnawed away at the middle, or below, and stood ready to topple at the first push. In fact, the abundant evidence which was given of the insufficiency of granite, under such circumstances, led to its general disuse as supporting columns in stores. If they have again come into such use, it must be from forgetfulness or ignorance of those facts, or from the belief that they are not much exposed to the danger of fire.

Heat acts on limestone in a different, but not less fatal way. It drives off the carbonic acid. If the application be rapid, the gas expands and the stone explodes. If the heat come gradually, and last long enough, the gas departs silently, and leaves a mass of quicklime.

In a country like ours, where the buildings are rarely fire-proof, and where conflagrations are so frequent, this consideration should weigh much, and constitutes, in my view, one of the strongest arguments in favor of the compact sandstone, as against either granite or marble.

"Does he think that if Trinity Church had been built of Quincy granite, the whole front would have cracked and

opened, as is now seen in the beautiful freestone structure?" The whole of Trinity Church front cracked and opened! Judge, Mr. Editor, of my surprise and horror when I read this. Could I have been so blind as not to notice these cracks and openings, when looking at that front, as I have so often, and so recently done? Impossible. This must be a new and sudden damage. As there has been no earthquake, the grave-diggers or the rats must have been at work down below, undermining and unsettling the structure. In my terrified imagination, I almost saw it tottering to its fall, and then sinking with awful crash and wide-spread ruin. No time was to be lost. As soon as possible, I called on my friend Upjohn, and apprised him of the danger; not only as he had some little interest in the reputation of the building, but as a very competent judge of what was best to be done in the impending emergency. I will not tell you how he looked when I announced the fact, but you can guess. Well, we hastened to the spot, walking, of course, somewhat cautiously and softly as we drew near. We were soon re-assured; we went boldly and closely up, and scanned the walls "wi' sharpened, sly inspection." We soon came to the conclusion,—we could come to no other,—that those cracks and openings which R. saw, had, like the scotched snake, all closed up again. Something, undoubtedly, he saw, or thought he saw. Perhaps, he uses language somewhat peculiarly. On the corner stones of the tower and church there are numerous dark water-stains, and patches that look like mould. Are those the cracks? Here and there, on the same stones, may be discovered small cavities, some of them an inch or more long, and half as deep, of that particular description, common in sandstone, and technically known as sand-flaws. Are these R.'s openings? The most threatening evidence of decay is a very slight peeling of the outer surface, visible on some of the stones, especially those which were roughened by the tool. This process, by which the surface was slightly ridged, has evidently facilitated the elemental action. It is a fact well known to those who have had experience in such matters, that the stones first obtained from a sandstone quarry are inferior to those which are got lower down. Whether it be that the surface rock was not so compactly formed at first, or that it has been subjected to less pressure, or merely that it has been exposed to the storms and frosts of a hundred centuries, it certainly is softer and less valuable than that which underlies it. The stone of Trinity Church came from a quarry just opened. The stones first used were those first obtained. Any one who will compare the lower courses with those which are twenty feet above the ground, will see the difference. Had the base courses been of the same material with the upper ones, I do not believe they would have shown either exfoliation or water-stain. In confirmation of this opinion, I refer to the monument of Lawrence. It has stood almost as long as the church. It is more exposed than the base course of the tower, inasmuch as

it rises from the ever damp earth, yet it shows no sign of discoloration. So much is justly due in explanation of the appearance of the lower part of Trinity Church. If R. means to ask me whether I suppose there would have been sand-flaws, and water-stains, and peelings, like those just mentioned, provided the church had been built of Quincy granite, I answer, No,—without conceding, for an instant, that these affect, in any appreciable degree, the strength or probable durability of the building. But it is barely possible that R. had something else in view when he mentioned the front of Trinity as having cracked and opened. When the designs for the church were submitted by the architect, he recommended that the tower should be built first and independently, alleging that, in consequence of its vastly greater weight, it would settle more than the body of the building, and must thus cause fracture somewhere. He was over-ruled in this; and the tower and church went up connected and simultaneously. It happened exactly as had been predicted. The settling of the tower cracked the end wall on both sides of it. A portion of it was taken down and rebuilt, and it has ever since stood, and now stands perfectly firm and sound. I find it difficult to believe that R. referred to this fact in the past history of the building, for his words are, “As is now seen in the beautiful freestone structure.” But supposing that he did so refer, and that he means to ask me whether I think that wall thus built and acted on, would have cracked and opened, provided that Quincy granite had been used? then my reply is “Yes;” and the same would have happened, even if the material had been iron.

I showed that it had been proved in England, that lichens growing upon stone exposed to the weather, exert a preserving influence. R. does not deny that fact, but thinks that in this country they hasten the decay. This he ascribes to our different climate. He may be right, but he brings no proof. He says, indeed, that a little observation in the fields, where the rock crops out, would convince any one of the truth of his opinion about the American lichens. I am sorry to seem incredulous, but it would not convince *me*. He means, I suppose, that this moss-covered top of the ledge will be found softer and more affected by the decomposing agents of the atmosphere than the portions farther down, which have not been so exposed. Undoubtedly he will so find it; but what right has he to ascribe such effect to the lichens? Wind and rain, heat and cold, acting on the rock for two or three thousand years, may surely be deemed sufficient cause for its impaired condition, without throwing any censure on the humble mosses. And, furthermore, how does R. know that those mosses have not been the kindest friends of the tempest-beaten rock? How can he show that said rock would not have fared far worse, but for these living, though mute protectors?

R. may be right in his theory of the American mosses, but I cannot accept it until I see it resting on well-attested facts. Let examples be shown, in sufficient number to

establish a rule, of stones taken from the same quarries, and the same parts of them, and which have since had similar exposure; and if, among these, the moss-covered specimens shall be found to have suffered most, then R.'s view of the case will stand firm, on Baconian principles. Until something like this is done, I must stick to the great argument from analogy.

I must quote one more passage from R.'s article, as it seems to contain matter of the highest import: “The particles of sandstone are partly held together by a cement of oxide of iron. Slate, as well as granite, is only kept solid by the attraction of cohesion, a force that cannot be disturbed by chemical agents. In this is the whole question of the durabilities of building stone, in Europe or America. All artificial cements must in time yield to the slow action of the chemical forces which are contained in the elements that surround them.” If this be so, the whole question is, indeed condensed into a very small nutshell. For instance—is your stone kept solid by “artificial cement”—it is perishable; sooner or later it will crumble: let it alone. Use no stones but slate and granite, and their congeners—stones which are held together by “cohesive attraction.” There is, at least, a charming simplicity in this view of the case.

But let us look into this passage a little. Is R. quite clear in his notions on the subject of cements and cohesive attraction? Waiving all reference to Neptunian or Plutonian theory, and conceding that the homogeneous grains of sandstone are held in union by some interposing material, which we may call a cement, and also, that the heterogeneous components of granite were brought together by the elective forces of chemical affinity; still I hold that the particles of stone are kept together by *cohesive attraction*, just as much in the one case as in the other.

Again, he says, that “the attraction of cohesion” (meaning, evidently, *chemical* attraction), as in slate and granite, “cannot be disturbed by chemical agents.” What would Dr. Hayes or Professor Torrey say to this assertion, and how long would it take them to disprove it? More correctly might he say, that it can be disturbed by nothing else. The same mysterious powers which long, long ago, in the “reign of Chaos and old Night,” consummated the union, can alone dissolve the bands. What forces but these, decomposed the mighty granite peaks and boulders—scattering their mica to the winds—turning their feldspar into clay, and comminuting the more brittle, yet indestructible quartz, into pebbles, and gravel, and sand? The nature of elemental action on stone—whether disintegrating or decomposing—I endeavored to show in my first article. Let me refer to it. (*Crayon*, vol. III. No. 1. p. 10.)

But once more. “All artificial cements must, in time, yield,” etc. As introduced, the term *artificial* is evidently meant to include such cements as those which bind the particles in sandstone: possibly, it was intended for them alone. To apply this epithet to any process carried on in

the sublime laboratory of Nature, old as time, and vast as the globe,—is to talk somewhat Hibernicé. But no matter for that. Is this true? No—a hundred times, no!

In the first place, as to Nature's cements. We have shown that there are sandstones in English buildings which, for seven hundred years, have stood the test of time and weather, and which, for aught that appears, will stand as much longer. And on our own side of the Atlantic, we read its refutation—to go no further—in such specimens as little Richard Church's well-preserved head-stone.

No better—if as well—does the assertion hold in regard to cements which are really *artificial*. Who does not know that in many and many an instance, mere mortar—vulgar mortar, concocted by human hands from sand, and lime, and water, has become harder, and more cohesive, and more durable than the very stones and bricks which it held together and preserved for three thousand years? But I must stop.

C.

Foreign Correspondence, Items, etc.

OUR able and faithful correspondent, W. M. Rossetti, Esq., whose thought and reports under the head of "Art News from England" have hitherto been such a valuable element of interest in our columns, sends us this month, in lieu of a letter, the following account of J. M. W. Turner, accompanied by an extract taken from the *Spectator*, referring to the exhibition of portion of the works bequeathed by Turner to the English nation. Mr. Rossetti says:

"JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, R. A.—name long familiar to Royal Academy exhibition catalogues, and to the secretest spirit of Nature—died close upon five years ago. He left a will—perfectly plain, as I hear, but informal—bequeathing the bulk of the large property he had acquired and hoarded by his art, for the foundation of a great institution for the benefit of artists; a goodly legacy to the Royal Academy; and his unsold oil-pictures and water-color paintings, with a vast mass of sketches and studies, to the nation. His body, as Ruskin pithily expresses it, was buried in St. Paul's, and his purposes in Chancery; and probably even American readers know that the last is a grave not apt to give up its dead. Years of litigation intervened. The heirs-at-law, whom Turner, perhaps, had never known or seen, contested the will; and, at length, a compromise has been effected, whereby the works of Art do at last come to the nation they were intended for, £20,000 to the Academy, and the balance of the property to the heirs. Turner's benevolent intentions go for nothing; but his fame, at least, is to rest on the pedestal which he had designed for it.

"Of the oil-pictures, there are, if I recollect aright what I once heard from Mr. Ruskin, about sixty, though I have seen the number stated higher. Of finished water-colors, that gentleman, while acting as Turner's executor, catalogued one hundred and thirty-five; of important studies in color, 1,757; of important sketches in pencil or pen and ink, 1,322: each class comprising works of all periods of his practice, from the earliest to the latest. So that in mere number and extent, the collection is one of the completest which any artist, of old time or new, has left behind him in a body.

"Well, at last, a sample of this splendid gift made to England, by one of her noblest sons, whom for years she delighted to dishonor, is before the public. I do not mean to say that Turner met with nothing but depreciation while alive. He was, from first to last, admired

in many ways by many people: but, the further he shot ahead of them, the blanker became the astonishment of the multitude; and astonishment soon found a voice in the decision of dabbles, and the contemptuous braying of their leaders, the critics. We all remember whose calm and strong voice, whose plain facts and severe demonstrations, rent the babbling, quacking, and hissing. Since the first volume of 'Modern Painters' appeared, the feeling about Turner has gradually but surely changed; and now the babblers are quite as likely to expose themselves by falling into imitated enthusiasm about real failures as by decrying works really great. At last, then, a sample of the bequest is before the public. Twenty of the oil-pictures having been hung at Marlborough House (adjoining our 'Vernon Gallery'), in the beginning of this month; and the public discover that Turner is very much to their taste. It does not seem to occur to them in any considerable degree, that some of the works are 'fiery daubs,' 'palette-scourings,' 'palette-knife plasterings,' 'phantasmagoria,' 'kaleidoscopes run mad,' and 'things to put your eyes out.' On the contrary, the public actually seem to enjoy these things, and delight in their glorious light and color; and to understand that the birth of a Turner in England, and the possession of such a legacy from his hand, are subjects of some legitimate national pride. I certainly never saw picture-seers more interested and eager, than those who crammed the narrow twilight of the Marlborough House room on the first day, when Turner's were made visible, nor clearer symptoms of pride in the artist blended with enjoyment of the art."

THE TURNER BEQUEST.

After five years, the public is actually permitted to have under its eyes a portion of the Turner bequest—a small portion, it is true, but still something. Twenty of the oil-pictures, ranging in date from 1797 to 1844, have been hung in Marlborough House in a room of the suite allotted to the Vernon Gallery, and were first seen by the general public on Monday. Crowds, of various classes, thronged the room, peering and poking in the attempt to get a look at the pictures, which is in many cases about as easy a task as the squaring of the circle. A more deplorable hole than this room for the exhibition of pictures could not be devised by ingenuity. On a bright summer's day its light would be twilight; on these wintry afternoons, it is nearly darkness, conveniently varied by the window-glare striking on the paint, and extinguishing every vestige of form upon the canvas. With all its drawbacks, however, the collection excited a real heartiness and animation in the visitors, and as much apparent pleasure as we ever witnessed in picture-seers. The occasion seemed to be in some sort felt as a national one.

In fact, the Turner bequest is one of the most noticeable national events in the Art-history of this or any other people. That wonderful painter—now, after much misunderstanding, cavilling, and obloquy, the undisputed king of British landscape-painting, and, save in the eyes of a small circle of dilettanti, of all landscape-painting whatsoever—has endowed the nation with such a monument of his genius as is scarcely to be found elsewhere in the case of any painter of past or present time. The Louvre has nothing to show of any single individual approaching the Turner collection in extent and completeness; and not Venice herself possesses a vaster record of her great son Tintoret, than we, when the collection shall be brought together in its entirety, will have of Turner.

The scanty installment of the collection as yet opened to public view already presents something of a compendium of the man's artistic life, from the dark neutral-tinted experiments of his youth, to what he worked up to, from grade to grade—the fiery splendors immediately preceding his decline. We proceed to indicate briefly a few of the points of interest in each; repeating, however, that it is impossible, whether for writer or for reader, to study them adequately in their present dungeon.

Moonlight; a study at Millbank: 1797.—A queer-looking little picture, which may remind one at the first glance of the vulgar moonlights vamped up and hawked about by the poorest of painters. The color looks slaty; the surface smooth-laid like jappanning. On the darkness of the sky the full white moon is stamped like a new shilling, with a single star beside her. Look closer, however, and you will find strange points and indications of light piercing here and there through the gloom, with a curious air of suddenness and evanescence. Even this is not a *juvenile* work, it having been painted when Turner was not far from thirty years of age.

Shipwreck: 1805.—One of the noblest pictures belonging to this period of Turner's Art, marking equal intensity of purpose and self-